

# LEADER Cyclone Souvenir

Price Ten Cents

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, JUNE 30, 1912

Price Ten Cents



Panoramic view of residential district after the cyclone. Hundreds of houses laid flat.



Note how this house was dropped down into its foundations. Everything was sucked out of the rooms by the terrible wind.



Absolute chaos and ruin. Houses disappeared altogether.



The people in this picture are standing on all that remained of a handsome residence.



The roof to the right of the picture was lifted off the house in another block and carried across the street with several people in it, who escaped uninjured.



# The Cyclone Story in Word and Picture

THE day dragged along, a hot, sleepy day, the last of June. It was hot everywhere, and promise was that the great day to follow—the First of July, birthday of Confederation—would be an arduous one for the holiday crowds in their worrisome business of pleasure seeking. So much for the day.

A telegraph operator in Winnipeg, sitting comfortably back in his chair as he pounded monotonously the keys of his typewriter to the tune of the humming sounder, suddenly caught a break at the other end of the wire paused for an instant. Then, as the rattle came again in a fierce burst, sat bolt upright with an exclamation, reached forward and opened the key; sounded a few nervous taps of inquiry, and, at the rattling reply that came in answer, hastily scribbled a line on a sheet of paper, handing it to his superior.

Swift as a soaring thought the message sped forth here and there all over the continent, across oceans—everywhere that man, in his curiosity that is called civilization, picks up a morning paper at the breakfast table to see how the other half of the world wags.

It was short—almost laconic in its brevity—but the picture contained in the few words caused telegraph editors to pause, scissors poised, then rush for their managing editor. Shouted words of excited anticipation of the story to come passed from mouth to mouth in offices of morning papers; and all waited—waited for details, glancing meanwhile, as though to extract something further from them, at the typed words staring from the middle of the big, blank sheet of flimsy:

"Cyclone struck Regina, 16.50k. City in ruins."

In a space of time so short that many citizens of Regina were still unaware of what had happened in their own city, half the world knew that Regina was in the grip of the storm fiend; that many of her stately dwellings lay in ruins on the ground, that churches, offices, warehouses, elevators—buildings that went to make up the business and home life of the city—were crushed and shattered, and that many—none knew how many—lay dead and dying beneath the debris.

Thus the message was first taken to the outside world, and a torn, mangled message it was, bearing in some ways but little more resemblance to the actual fact than the ruined buildings bore to their former selves.

But swift on its heels followed other messages, and others, and each carried a little more of the fact, until at last the world, as represented by its ears and eyes, the press, heard and saw Regina's unhappy plight as it was.

And so a whole world wondered, with greater or less interest according as it was near or far—and a whole nation stood aghast at the fate of her Prairie Metropolis.

And while the nation waited, sober faced, for further news of dead and dying, Regina worked.

In all the history of the city there was never so much work to be done, nor so short a space of time in which to do it.

"Western Hustle."

It is a byword wherever the west is known, but never was it so well earned in any part of any west as it was by the citizens of Regina on the night of their tragedy when lives were measured by seconds and moans were the sole encouragement spurring weary toilers to their grim task.

With death, ruin and devastation, Regina came into her own—came to know the workers from the drones, the able man from the weakling.

Men whose advice was little sought before stood forth as giants in the crisis, their word accepted on every hand, and their orders fulfilled to the letter.

On the other hand—there was no other hand. An incendiary, perhaps, and a petty looter or two; but the city of Regina as a whole stood as an object lesson in order brought out of chaos through all that is manly in manhood.

Western Optimism came quickly to the fore, encouraged by the sympathy that is of both west and east, and conquered.

Commencing toward the end of the previous week the mercury had taken a trend upward well above the ninety mark, and hung there with remarkable tenacity. Saturday, June 22, and Sunday the 23rd were blisteringly hot, and the slight breeze that came off the prairies was like the breath of a blast furnace that follows on the glowing trail of the molten iron.

Monday was almost as bad, and day after day the heat was well nigh incapacitating.

Several times, just at daybreak, the sky gathered together a few clouds, shed a few drops of ineffectual moisture on the ground and then cleared at the advent of the burning sun.

The barometer dropped from point to point until about 4 o'clock Sunday morning, June 30, the pent up ferocity of the elements burst forth in a storm that was one of the worst of the year.

Still the air did not seem to have been cleared, and still the barometer hovered in the vicinity of the cyclone mark.

No one paid it the slightest attention.

About 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon clouds began to gather to the south-east and south-west, coming slowing together until they covered the whole of the southern sky.

They met—it was about ten minutes to five o'clock—and then, with a swift swoop, descended upon the city.

Taking it to be the usual midsummer thunderstorm, no one paid much attention other than to close down their windows and go into the house.

One or two boaters were out on the lake endeavoring to escape the almost overpowering heat of the city. The storm was not greatly noticed at first, but when the lightning was seen coming closer some of the boats began to make leisurely for the shore.

In the city, strollers hastened their steps, some of them pausing to glance at the decorations on the buildings who had prepared for Dominion Day.

It was to be a glorious Dominion Day, with all manner of entertainment to choose from.

In the Regina Theatre a band was practising for their evening sacred concert.

The storm came closer.

Then the wind commenced to howl, and a few raindrops fell.

Off in the southern sky the two storm clouds approached nearer and nearer to one another.

The lake by this time was almost cleared of its pleasure seekers.

Suddenly the two immense black clouds came together, and with a swoop a cyclone pillar descended upon the city between Lorne and Smith streets about Sixteenth avenue, cutting a wide swath down through the centre of the city, leaving nothing but wreckage in its wake.

Houses toppled over, shifted from their foundations, crumbled from imposing brick into dust, while the air was full of flying glass, timbers and bricks. Here and there a roof was lifted clear of a house and carried blocks before being dropped indiscriminately.

A street of fine residences was suddenly transformed into an almost unrecognizable mass of rubbish.

The first large buildings to come within the scope of the storm were the Baptist and Methodist churches.

The cupola of the former, together with a good portion of the roof was wrenched off and whirled away on the cyclone to McIntyre street where it was dropped.

The Methodist church was shattered by the force of the storm into an unrecognizable wreck.

The Y.W.C.A. followed, and, while left partly standing, was badly wrecked.

Then the new public library fell a prey to the storm fiend. The walls stand, but the roof was shattered, and the interior badly wrecked.

Next came the Presbyterian church, and walls, windows and roof went with a crash.

The three churches went in a second of time.

If the storm had come two and a half hours later—when church was in! The Donahue block, a steel frame building, stood against the storm, although there was hardly a whole window in the building when it was over.

Just across the street stood the telephone exchange, directly in the path of the whirling storm centre.

In it were working nine girls and two men.

The building shuddered and shook for an instant, then the roof ripped loose, and the south wall crashed in, flattening the building to a heap of twisted timbers and shattered bricks.

Underneath were buried some ten human beings, imprisoned beneath walls and floors.

A heavy switchboard crashed through into the basement where a man was working, carrying three girls with it. The four escaped through a basement window and carried the news to The Leader building, where their hurts were attended to, and whence a party immediately started out to commence the work of clearing the debris and releasing those who were imprisoned beneath it.

Others soon followed and a gang of two hundred or more was soon at work. The last girl was taken out within a few hours.

The C.P.R. yards were swept almost clear.

Whole trains were overturned, and cars were tossed about in the air like chips.

The north side was the worst to suffer.

The storm swung round here, and street after street solid with houses was wiped clean.

Barely a residence was untouched.

Big warehouses crumpled beneath the fury of the wind. Walls of brick were shattered, and steel covered buildings stripped bare.

From end to end the path of the tornado was a scene of gruesome tragedy and fiendish humor—the humor of death-spreading elements.

Ruin was spread broadcast over a city gay in its preparations for the celebration of the day memorial of Dominion Confederation.

Gay bunting and flags which had but a few minutes before flaunted the sunlight were now the shrouds of their hidden dead.

A scene of rejoicing transformed.

The storm had passed.

From north to south through the devastated area nothing was to be seen but rain drenched ruins—for the cyclone had brought with it a cloudburst almost unprecedented in the city, though it was scarcely noticed in the more serious work of the wind.

People began to crowd from their houses into the streets, intent on learning the extent of the damage.

Only those in the immediately vicinity of the storm path had any idea of what had happened. Others did not learn until flying rumor bore the tale of the disaster to the outskirts of the city.

Then the real crowds appeared.

Coats came off, and, reckless of clothing, men piled into the ruins, tearing up with their hands what would ordinarily require tools, working like slaves in the common cause of rescue, giving their best for the welfare of absolute strangers. Thus the work was begun.

Word went out that special constables were wanted at the city hall. One hundred were called for. One thousand came, and continued to come through the long evening, willing to do whatever they could under whose orders they might be placed.

The work was systematized as far as could be on the spur of the moment, guards were posted, men detailed for this work or that, temporary hospitals opened up to receive the overflow of injured from the two permanent institutions.

Meantime from Moose Jaw had come the word that help was on the way, and it was not long in coming.

Doctors and nurses were sent on a special train from the city which, in times of peace, is the greatest rival of Saskatchewan's capital. Volunteer workers in hundreds came down on the regular train to offer themselves in whatever manner they could be of use.

The Mounted Police to a man had been brought from the barracks to control the crowds and assist in any way possible.

Injured were ferreted out, rushed to the hospitals, and their wants attended to by the army of doctors and nurses, volunteer and regular, that had this part of the work in hand.

And so the work continued.

Gradually the night closed over the city, and the rescue parties were called from their labors in the heaps of ruins.

Meanwhile lists of temporary accommodation offered by private citizens had been gathered by individuals whose foresight proved an unmeasured blessing, and taken to the city hall where the homeless ones were billeted to various quarters for the night.

The crowds on the streets diminished, and presently all that was to be seen through the devastated area were the bobbing lights of the night patrol—city police, mounties and civilians, all sharing in the work of guarding the ruins from the possible looter.

And so the night closed down.

Almost before the sun rose into his murky sky the following morning the workers were up and at their posts. A committee ensconced in the Black Block took charge of the assignment of doctors and nurses to the various hospitals, and saw to it that they were given regular hours, as in any orderly hospital, with relief forces at stated intervals, to carry on the work.

A subscription list, headed by an amount of \$25,000 from the Provincial Government, was opened at the city hall, and the sum began at once to increase rapidly as subscriptions came in from all over the city and from points outside; and as the list grew there came words of added encouragement from cities and men and all that we hold great in Canada.

Articles of clothing were soon in great demand, for many had lost all, and these were at once forthcoming, the auditorium of the city hall being used as a distributing centre.

All over the city corps of volunteer workmen and paid employees of the city commenced on the great work of "cleaning up."

Places which had not been examined for possible imprisonment during the night were attacked with a vim, and the greatly encouraging news was quickly spread that the list of dead was not on the increase—rather it was on the decrease, as some believed dead reported alive and well.

The list of injured, however, went up by leaps and bounds, and the hospitals were taxed to their capacity.

Late in the morning there came the sound of a bugle call.

The militia were back from Sewell camp—had come at the call of their city to take up the work of guarding the ruins and their valuables from the hands of the looter.

Ready for anything they looked and they stepped into the breach with a will.

Mounted policemen, city police, volunteer constables, some of them sleepless since the morning before, were relieved for the first time, their places taken by the blue and green coated guardians of the land, rifle at shoulder and quick to obey.

Lined up for inspection in front of the armories they were given their orders for the day, and for many of them it meant the night too. They were stationed here and there through the city streets, around and through the area of desolation.

All day long they directed traffic, patrolled the streets and kept their eyes open for the chance daylight looter.

And late at night there came the sound of a bugle call—the notes those of "last post."

A relief squad appeared and to them was given charge of the streets for the long night hours.

Tramp, tramp, up and down, all night long they marched from point to point and back again.

And in the morning—there was no morning gun—the bugle rang forth again, clearer than ever upon the still air—the notes of the reveille.

Thus, day after day, from guard to guard, the city was watched over in her slumbers by her hundreds of volunteers.

But not alone by them, for here and there, riding up and down, ever on the alert, ready for any contingency—the more urgent, the more welcome—foregoing sleep and weary from long hours in the saddle, with horses that moved untiring beneath them, like shadows in the night, menacing, the riders of the plains came and went from shadow to shadow; and here and there, calm and efficient, with the ability come from long experience, strode the blue coated guardians of the law, fewer in number, but strong of arm and willing to take any part that duty might call them to take; all of these of their own organization and with their own orders, but welded together in the one object of holding in absolute check, perhaps for the first time in history under such circumstances, any attempt at lawlessness and disorder.

Theirs was a task gigantic, and it was accomplished.

Thus was Regina guarded.

And now there came another task.

The dead were identified, one by one.

The injured were cared for, and, except the more serious cases, allowed to leave the hospitals.

The relief fund was growing and being administered as needed. The homeless were provided for until they could obtain permanent shelter.

Clothing was forthcoming, and food also for those who needed.

A directory was compiled of those whose residences had been destroyed, giving their temporary location.

Missing were traced where they could be traced and anxious friends relieved.

All was done that could be done for the welfare of the injured and homeless.

But still a task remained.

His Worship Mayor McCrea had worked as man never worked before, and Commissioner Thornton had proven himself equally equal to the task of carrying out to the last detail what the councils of war resolved.

The city aldermen, in nearly every case, had thrown up their own various business and had applied themselves to the wants of their city.

Private citizens had come forward and offered their complete services on the various committees having charge of the different branches of the work.

Nurses, doctors, business men, all had given of their time, knowledge, money; and organization, to the last degree, had ruled from the start.

Telegraph offices had accomplished the impossible in handling messages to ten, twenty times the extent they ever done before; mailing clerks had worked upon mountains of correspondence; these—both—that friends in the outside world might hear the long expected word.

The list of dead was not on the increase, the injured were doing better than had been expected. All was well.

But the task that remained was greater than all.

It was the task of rebuilding what the storm had wrecked. The rebuilding of what was in itself almost a city.

That was the task for which the city had been preparing ever since the morning of the First of July—the morning after the storm.

Haste was all important that the houses which might be should be repaired first, once more to shelter their inmates. To this end the army of carpenters had been working on ruined dwellings at top haste all week, and the work they had accomplished was one to wonder at.

But even as they worked their work of repair, still greater armies of laborers had been busily but quietly clearing away the debris from here and there and all over the city, making way for what was to follow.

Electricians had spent the first three days of that first busy week laboring night and day over the street railway system with the result that the service—which had not been promised to recommence until the Monday following—had been continued once more on Wednesday afternoon.

Meantime orders were given that all the plans of extension of civic utilities be carried out in full as originally intended.

But here be it mentioned that, great as was the help meted out by cities and corporations and individuals from far and near when, digging deep into their treasuries, they brought what they could give for the sufferers of Regina, nothing offered greater encouragement to those who felt the responsibility of direction than the flood of sympathetic messages pouring in from all directions, and the unanimous certainty of the press in cities great and small that Regina's onward progress would suffer no stay in the blow.

They could and would not fail with the eyes of a nation upon them, and they did not fail.

The resolve was to go on—on with everything.

Nothing was to be halted another day. The work of construction and the work of reconstruction were to go ahead side by side as one great programme.

Those whose means were scanty would receive help, and to this end the executive in control of all spent many a weary hour—but the end was attained, and the help extended, and confidences were in every case treated as such.

Houses—a few at first, later more—were decided upon to be built on civic property and sold to the homeless at reasonable terms. For the commercial houses who had suffered a civic warehouse was immediately commenced.

And thus the last great task was begun.

Day after day as the funeral processions passed, until all had gone on that last great journey, men paused in their work as the grim cavalcades moved by, and doffed their hats to the memory of one they had never known—one in whose death the storm fiend had caused destruction that could never be repaired, never replaced.

And then—back to the work again.

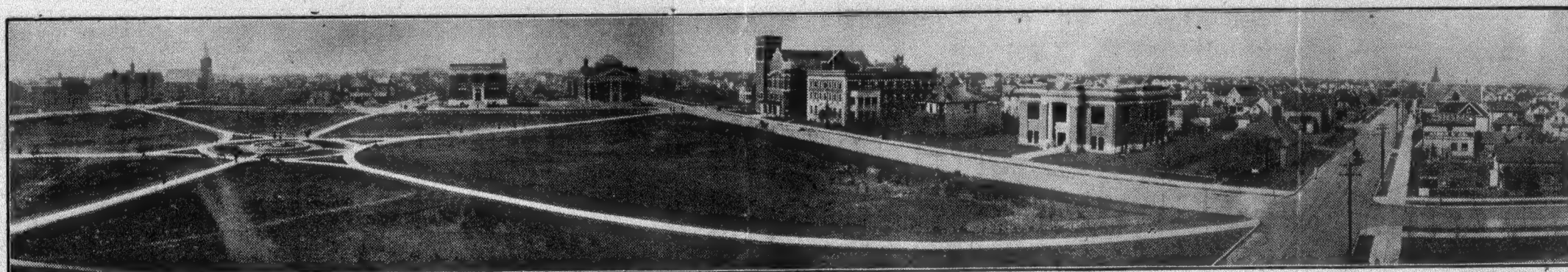
Sunday came, and with it all the recollection of that Sabbath—was it years ago?—when the bolt had fallen.

Churches were crowded—not out of curiosity, even on the part of those who had not entered church in years, nor was it of fear. It was for the sake of a memory, partly, and for the sake of the needed encouragement which those who went well knew awaited them there.

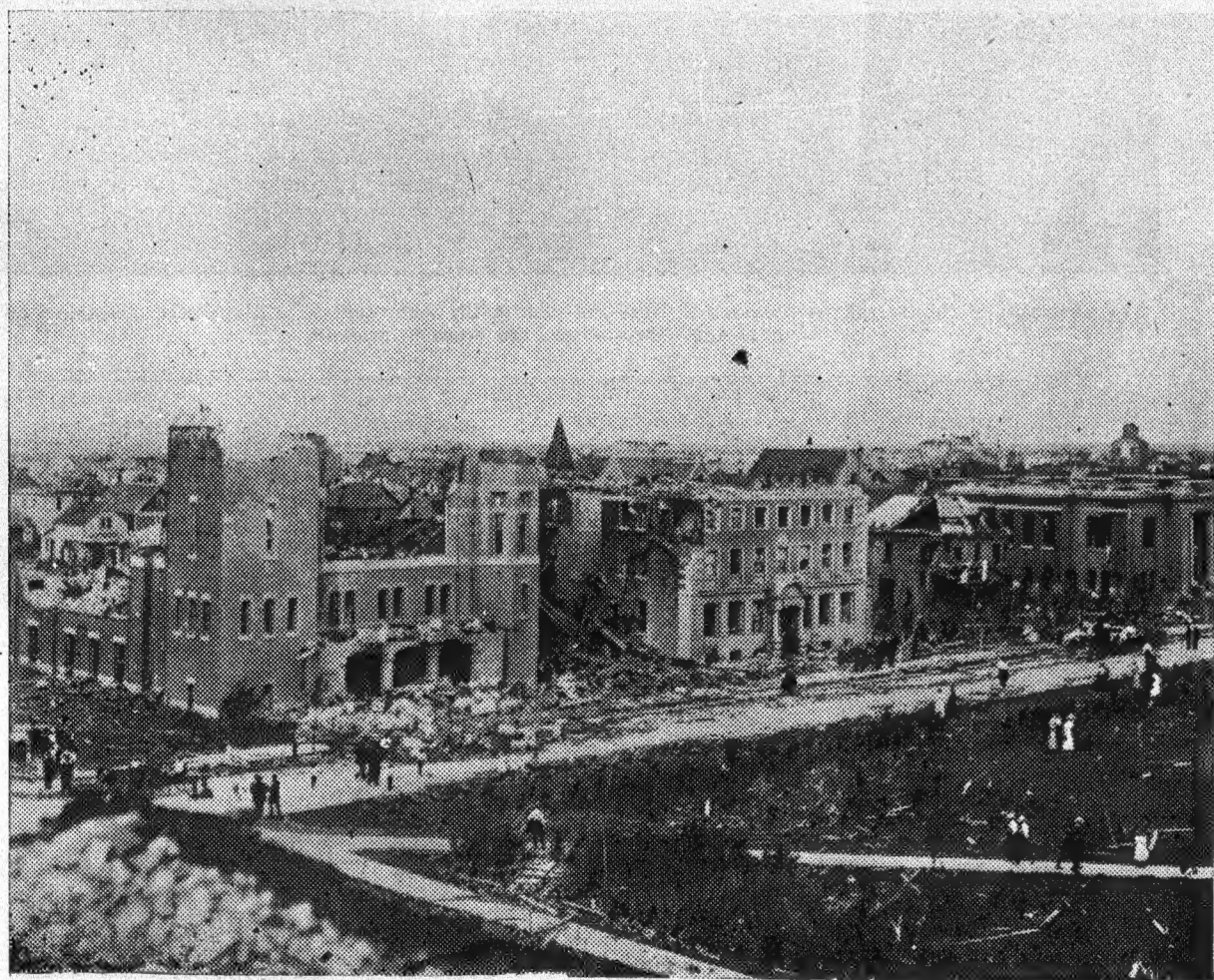
Nor in all the wide city was Religion betrayed by a mendicant, for the Cloth knew and recognized that what the people wanted, what they needed, was not reproval, but encouragement—not a message of fear, but a practical message of faith.

And, with the dawn of the new week of working days Regina commenced as never before on her upward climb toward a newer and better and greater Regina.





A panoramic view across Victoria Park before the storm, showing Land Titles Building, Baptist Church, Methodist Church, Y.W.C.A., Library and homes. This district was in the centre of the storm's path.



The Methodist Church, Y.W.C.A. and Library after the storm.



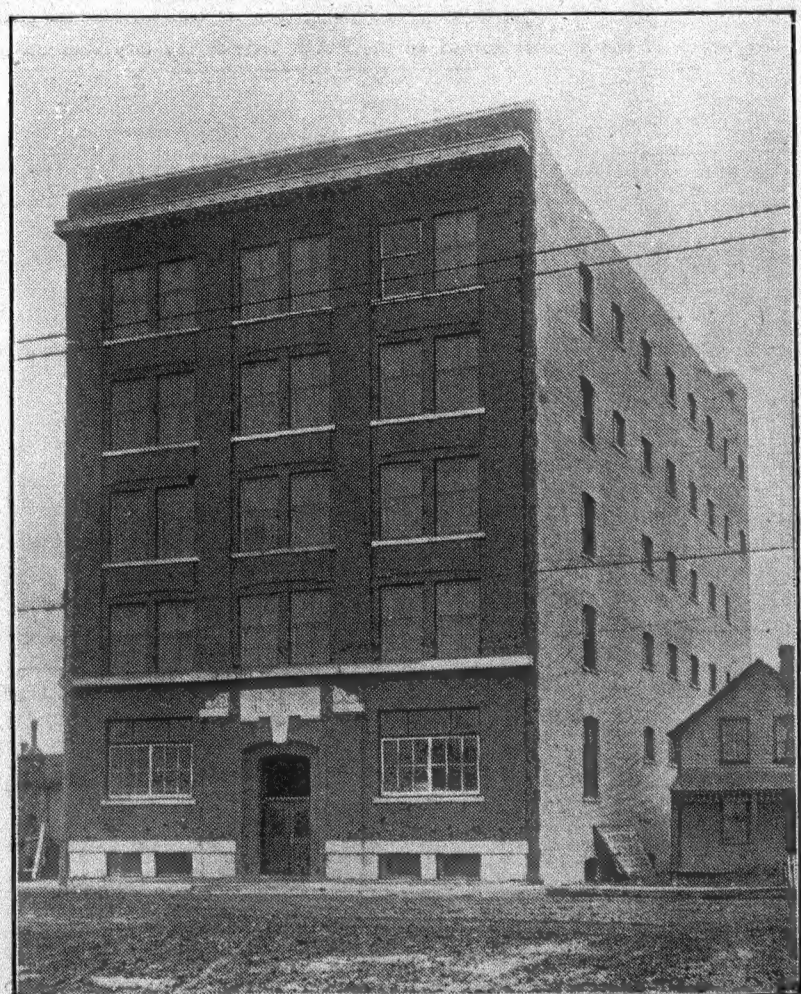
Knox Presbyterian Church after the cyclone. Whole interior was blown out.



The Young Men's Christian Association before the storm.



The Young Men's Christian Association after the blow. Many people were injured in this building.

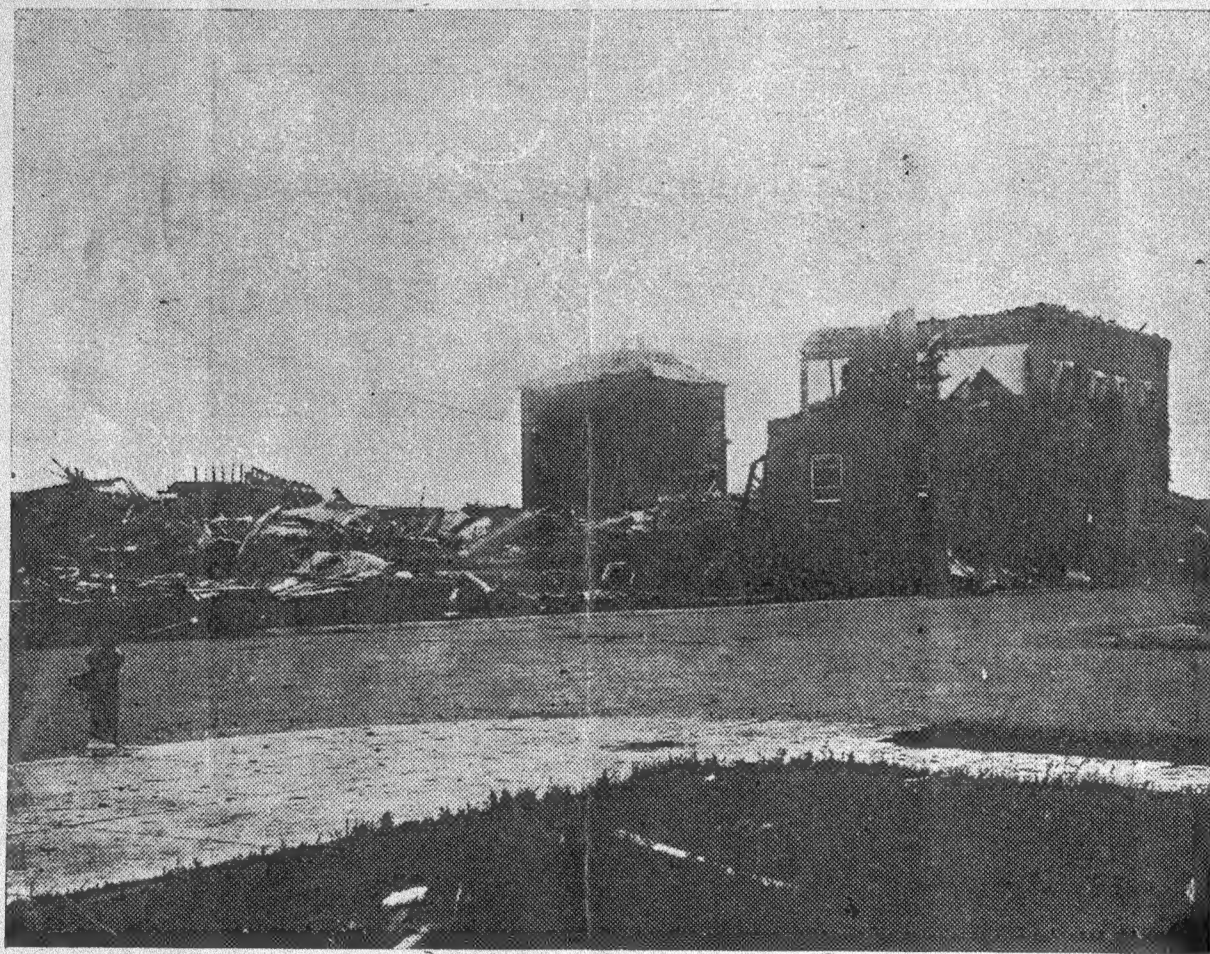


A handsome warehouse before the blow.

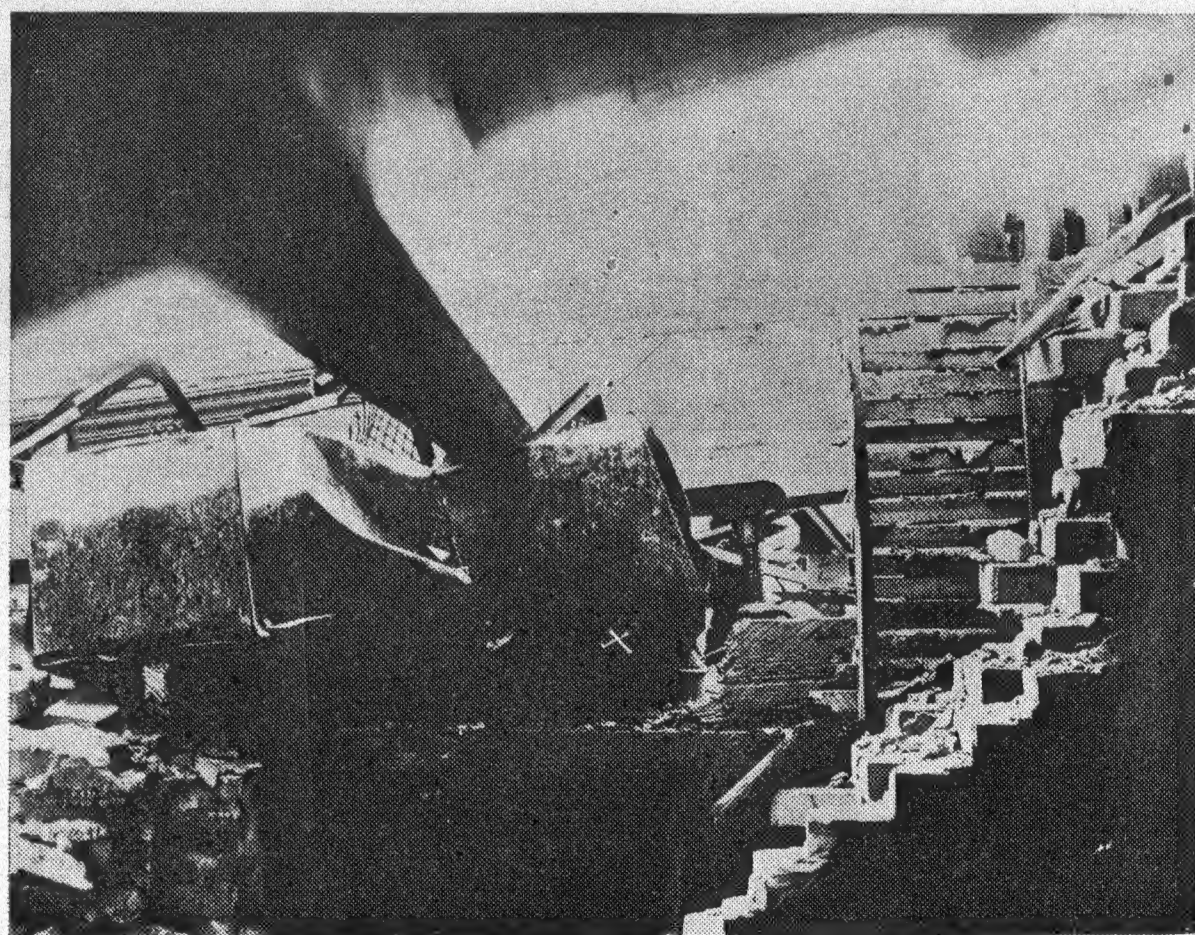


The same warehouse in ruins.





The Massey-Harris warehouse was a complete wreck.



The basement of the Telephone Exchange. Note the jack in the right centre. An operator was taken out from under the debris where the cross is marked.



A view of several warehouses which were destroyed.



An implement warehouse on South Railway Street laid low.



All that was left of several fine homes.



The wreck of the smaller homes on the North Side of the city was complete.

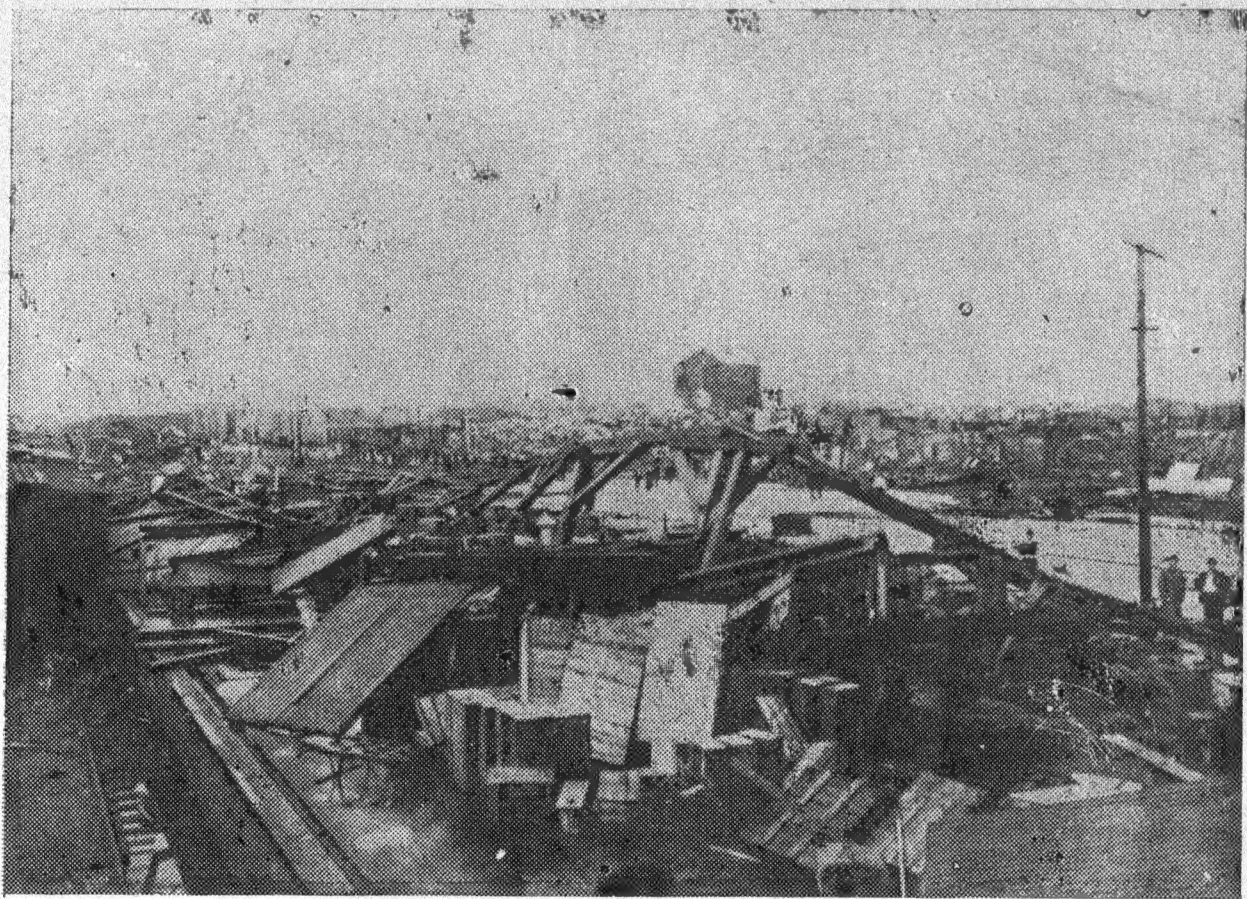


All that is left of the Central Telephone Exchange on Lorne Street.



A view on Eleventh Avenue. One man was killed in the large building on the left.

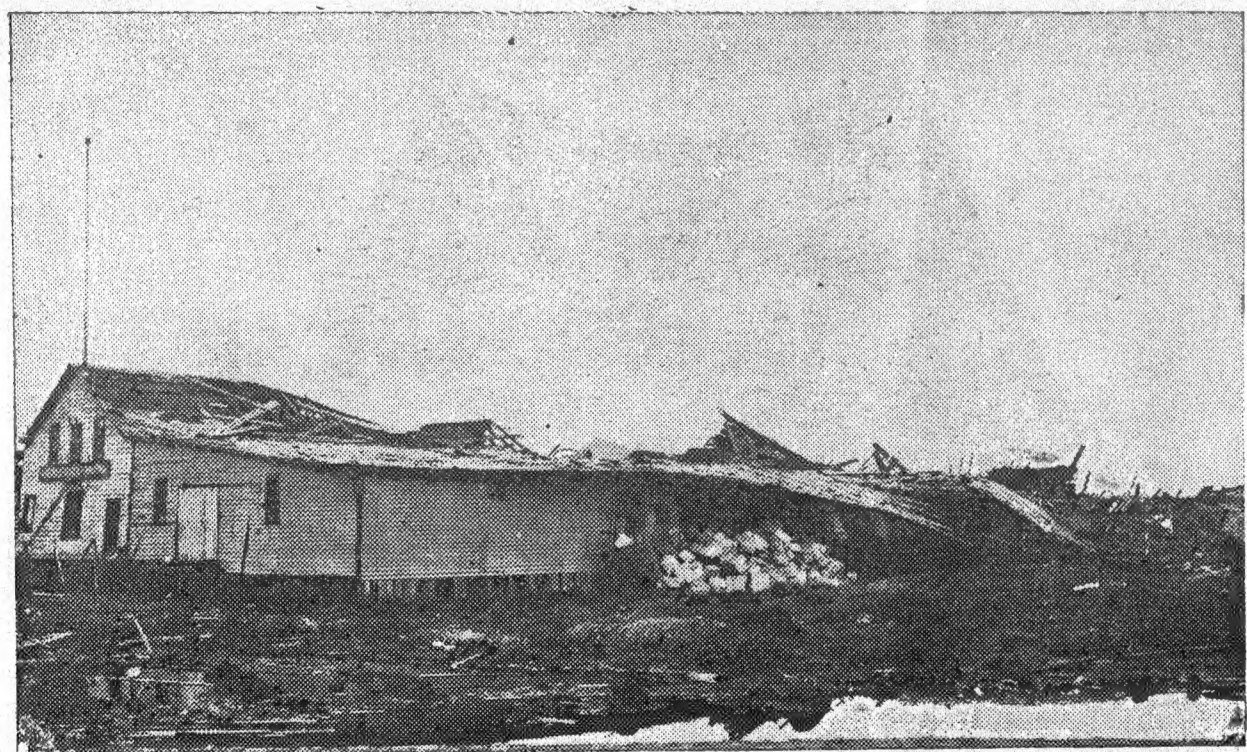




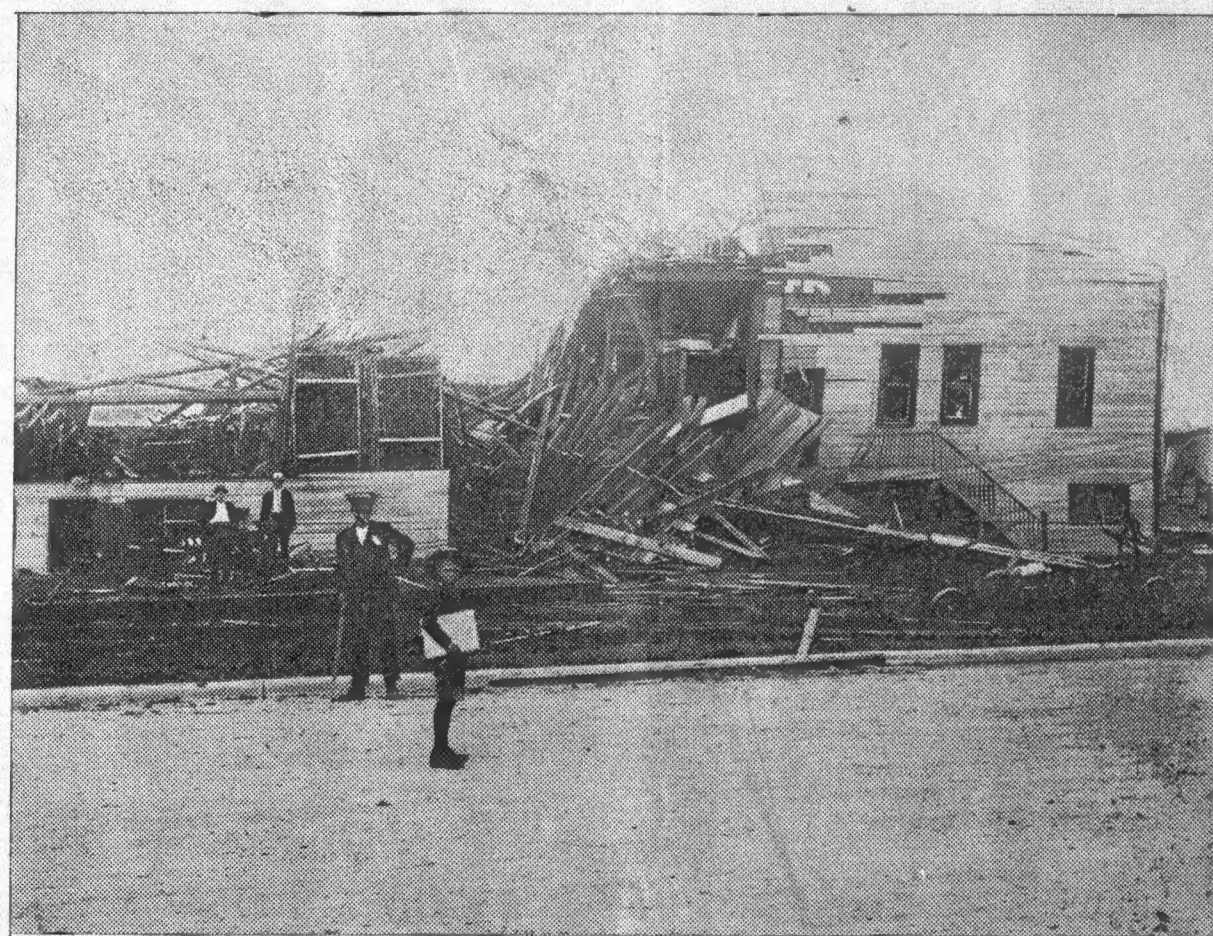
Another view of the C.P.R. Yards.



All that was left of a large warehouse and an elevator.



A large storage warehouse completely demolished.



A fine large warehouse completely demolished.



A number of fine homes were swept clean in this street. Several persons were killed in this district.



Looking down Lorne Street. The devastation was terrible on this street.

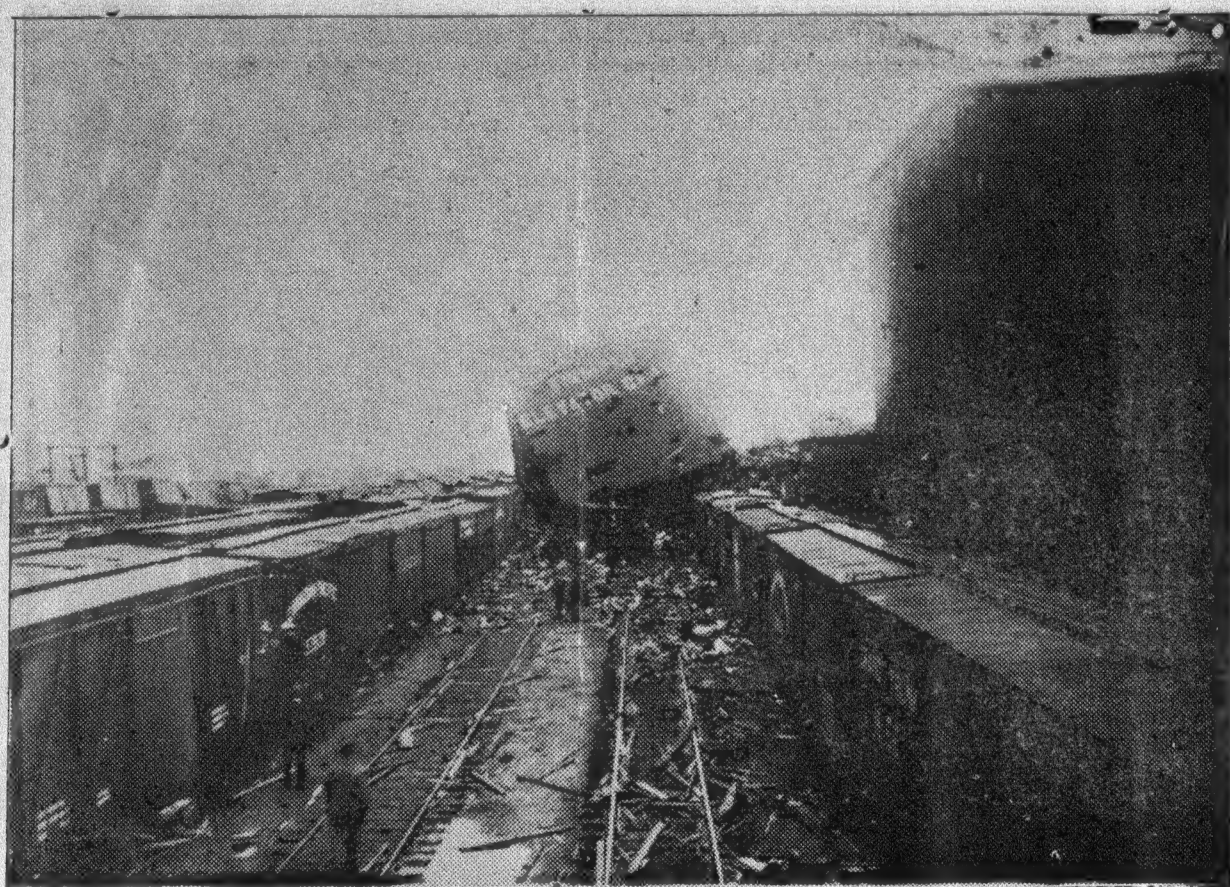


Here were some of the finest residences in Regina. The remains of homes on Lorne Street.



Scene in C. P. R. yards. Note the grain elevator turned over on the cars.





Another view of C.P.R. yards. Note the grain elevator blown across the tracks.



Two fine homes on Smith Street, one completely ruined. The one on the right had contents badly damaged.



A view of Lorne Street after the wreck. Several persons were killed in these houses.



A fine home on Fifteenth Avenue. Note where the scantling went through the wall where cross is marked.



Looking across the rear of houses on Smith Street. These blocks were built up solidly in handsome homes.



Hundreds of Homes were wrecked completely, in some cases not an upright remained.



View of C.P.R. yards after the tornado. Cars were carried a hundred feet or more.

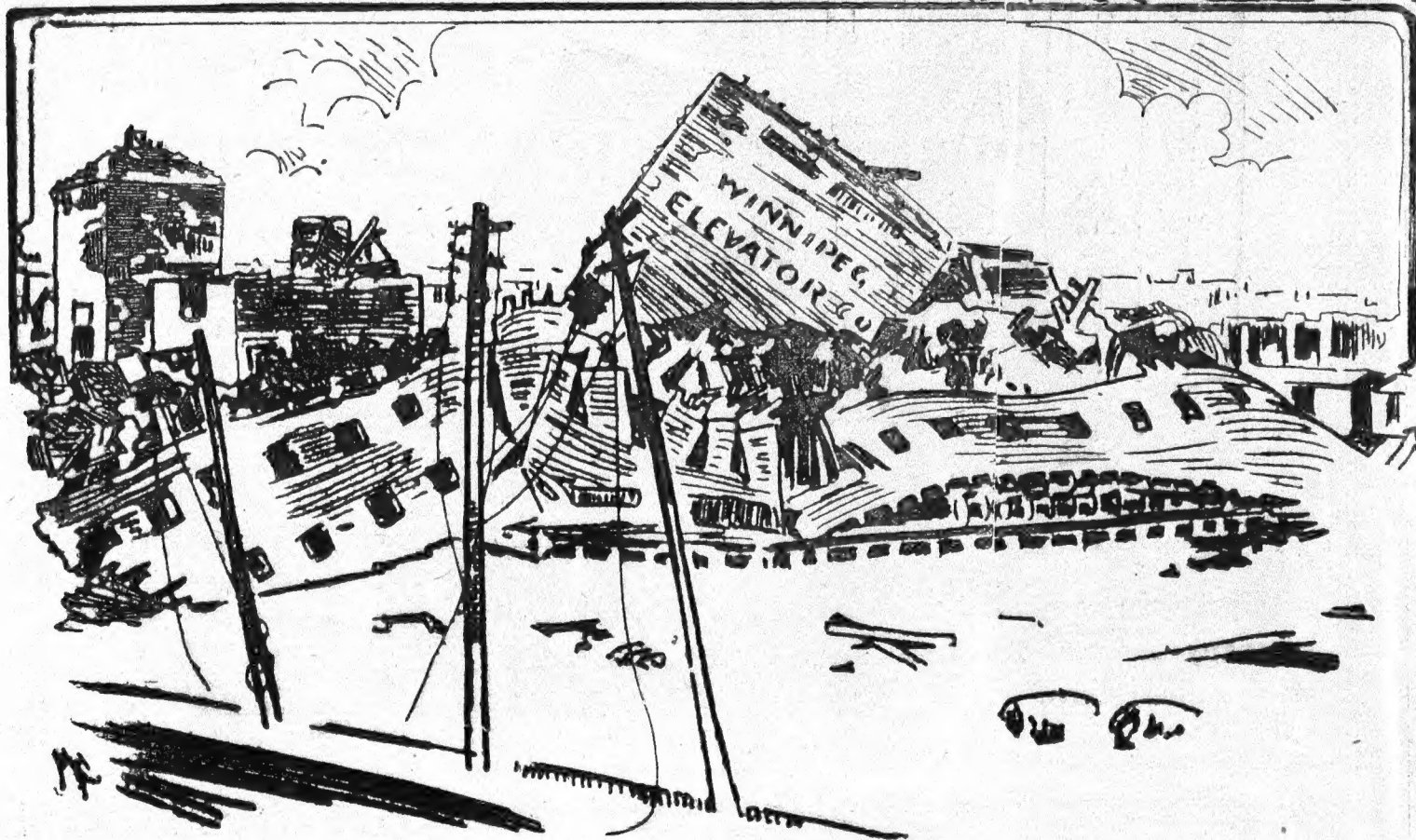


A reinforced concrete warehouse which fell before the cyclone. Roof gone; cleaned out inside.





1



2



3

1. From out the whirlwind. A prediction of what is to be.

2. Scene on South Railway Street, showing piled up debris on C.P.R. main line.

3. They meet on common ground.



4

4. The Message of the Cities: "Out of our adversity came our greatness; so, too, Regina, will it be with you."

5. How buildings on west side of Victoria Park appeared on the morning of Dominion Day.



5



# REGINA

(Saskatchewan)

## Out of Our Adversity has Come Your Opportunity

Since the cyclone visited Regina the demand for high class suburban property has increased at a wonderful rate.

## ALBERT PARK

is selling rapidly. It is right in line with the city's greatest growth and will soon be the finest residential section of Greater Regina.

## YOUR OPPORTUNITY

lies in the fact that you can buy lots in Albert Park now at the original price. It will pay you to buy several and hold them for the increase in values that is bound to come within a few months.

WRITE US FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET AND MAPS

## COMPTON & MacNEILL

Princess Theatre Block, Scarth Street, Regina, Sask.



## BARRIE'S FINE FURS

and Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

It's not a bit too early to buy furs for next season. In fact, there are some very obvious advantages attached to early buying, not the least of which is a price saving. Summer prices are 10 to 15 per cent. below regular prevailing prices later in the season.

We have made up in our factory some exquisite fur garments, the very acme of style and at prices which will prove very attractive. On all furs purchased now a first choice of skins is assured and garments will be stored free from moth until the wearing season.

## Fall Ready-to-Wear

Already we are receiving the early shipments of fall coats and invite inspection. They are most attractive in design and material and have the smart style and superior workmanship which we insist shall be characteristic of every garment in stock.

Our stock of Summer Millinery is very complete, comprising many new models fresh from the workrooms.



## Summer Suits For Men



¶ An assemblage of garments of noteworthy style, possessing distinctiveness in a degree not approached by the usual kind of men's clothes.

¶ The showing is attractive in the liberal variety of models and fabrics presented—an assortment so complete that no man, seeking to gratify an individual whim, need go unsatisfied.

¶ Prices are moderate; considerably less, we believe, than the character and quality of our garments justify.

\$35.00 \$38.00 \$40.00 and \$42.00

## BURTON BROS.

THE TAILORS  
and Gents' Outfitters

1731 Scarth Street

REGINA

## Regina Real Estate Splendid Opportunities For Investment

The stability of real estate values in Regina has never been more thoroughly demonstrated than in the experience through which the city has just passed. Regina is to be truly the Bigger and Better Regina, and her citizens are working enthusiastically and unitedly with this end in view.

Nothing can stop it from becoming the great city of the Central West, the one great centre in the biggest wheat producing province in the world.

Real Estate in Regina is an absolutely safe and a profitable investment. We invite you to communicate with us for information on investments in this city, stating the amount you have to invest and we will furnish a list of properties within the limits of your requirements.

We handle trust funds for outside clients and give this department of our business special attention. For information as to our reliability we refer clients to the Imperial Bank.

## The Rounding Land Co.

LIMITED

Western Trust Building  
Regina, Sask.